

# Genelec & Memphis Reigns - Offerings

## Offerings Lyrics

[Hook: Genelec]

Wonder if this bewildering sphere will appear clear in the borders of future vision

All of this rewritten

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All of this rewritten

Logic without a prison

All of this rewritten

[Verse 1: Memphis Reigns]

I talk to you the one of three in spare by two but four by one

Guilty tips for giving me life acknowledge me as your son

Known to run I'm quickly confused with the message that you said to me

Melodies with so remedies, teach me to love my enemies

Giving me reason to believe in spiritual authorities, priority

The skin; my lips exist as a minority

Warding me for a better tomorrow, I weep in sorrow

For the life you took again and let your people only borrow

But it bothers me, I've learned to yearn and taste the only life

Many times I've tried to call for help I'm out of breath

Peace until we meet at the pass after my death

Yo I've learned to live my life without any shred of regret

Wandered through the carousel that cycles within the seasons

Dreaming, but never reaching, and teaching, but never ever speaking

I'm losing my connection untying this true affection

I'm endlessly lost and off, headed for no direction

Swingin' my fist in anger, answer in any manner

Frustrated by the sound of the rain that softly pitter-patters

Retire my entire feelings, bleeding as I perspire

Find the fuel to fire my innermost needs that I desire

[Verse 2: Genelec]

Yo

Picture me able-bodied offering walking atop the toppling cities

Then sitting awkwardly perched on the ruptured earth

In the shadow of those first cursed

[I'm immersed in battle with these merciless urges to end my search](#)

Quench this thirst, I'm lost, crumbling under sun

And I'm stumbling through the tundra, lost and alone as one

Faith at the gun, sever my quest for the breath of reason

I'll settle among the gestures and heathens

And sleep forever encased in a state of freezing

Bleeding, like forever, I'm bleeding internal journals by the hundreds

Speak of power presented to those embedded in the head  
Those threaded connections with their surroundings  
Pounding upon the silence for the possibilities  
Thunder has yet to build in me

[Hook]